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THE WILD KNIGHT;
OR
THE UNKNOWN CRUSADER.

A TALE OF GERMANY IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IX.

A DRAMATICAL PLOT.—A STRANGE RECOGNITION.

When Rudolf of Baden left his host he proceeded at once to the chamber where he had slept, and there found the Italian engaged in writing in cypher. This Montani was a wiry-looking fellow; tall and genteel; with large bones and plenty of muscle; a head heavy and broad at the base, and well nigh flat on top; a neck like a bull; and a face dark and forbidding. He was a pliant tool of Rudolf's, having come from his native land on a mere mercenary expedition, and having fallen in with the Count of Baden at the robbing of a rich monastery, on which occasion four of his companions were slain, leaving him alone. The count saw that he was brave and strong, and at once made an arrangement with him. He was useful as a spy, for he was crafty, wily, and fearless; and he was useful for that other purpose, in the furtherance of which neither mercy nor conscience can be calculated,—a man who could work in the dark as well as in the light, and whose only fear was of being caught by some man better than himself.

Rudolf of Baden gazed around to assure himself that no one else was in the room, and then he took a seat.

"Where is Otto?" he asked.

"Gone to see if the surgeon can't fix some sort of a plaster for his back. He's quite lame."

"He's worn out than I am. A good nightly sleep shows sorry all my headache. But I have come on particular business, so put up your pen and listen."

The Italian made a few more scrawly-looking characters, and then, having pushed the parchment from him, he leaned toward the count.

"Montani, you know there is to be a tournament to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?—why, so it is. Upon my soul, I had forgotten it."

"So had I. In fact I had thought little of it; but it may be of benefit to us."

The Italian saw, by the count's look and tone, that something of moment was under consideration, and he bent his ear to listen without making any remark.

"First, Marco, you must know that I have the best of reasons to hate this Black Knight, who has so unexpectedly made his appearance among us."

Montani simply gave an affirmative inclination of the head, but said nothing.

"You must be aware of that?" urged Rudolf, as though he wished an answer.

"Of course I am."

"And further than this: he is one who may be dangerous to both of us."

"Ha! How are we? Who is he?"

"I only know that he may be a spy," said the count, low whose head such an idea had never before entered, and probably made but a very slight impression now.

"A spy and a rival both!" returned the Italian, with a dark smile.

"And a bully to boot," added Rudolf.

"I understand the premises, sir; and now for the deductions."

The count pondered a few moments, and then arose and went and locked the door which opened into the corridor, as he came back he paused to resist the temptation to look under the bed.

"Better be safe than sorry," he remarked, as he saw his companion smile.

"Certainly," responded the other, "for I am sure now that you have something of more than ordinary importance on hand; and you had better make haste, for Otto may return ere long."

"Then here's at it," said Rudolf, as he resumed his seat. "You are good for a couple of thousand?"

"I own no man my superior until he has proved it," the Italian uttered, with a dash of pride in his tone.

"I know you are good."

"He that can hold the Wild Count Everhard at bay need not fear a common sword," interrupted Montani, seeing by the count's eye there was no further need of proof on that point; for with the heavy broad-sword he had held a drawn battle with Everhard.

"I know your power well," resumed Rudolf, "and hence have planned a piece of work for you. You must engage in a bout with this Black Knight. Will you do it?"

"Certainly, if he agrees."

"Of course he will refuse no knight who presents himself."

"But what is to be gained by this? His armor is next to invincible."

"Ah—there is the point. I have a faithful armorer in the castle, and sometime during the day we can gain admission to the room where this knight's armor is. I will have the shoulder-piece upon the left side so that a slight blow of your sword will part them. This done, you have a fair show at his neck, and if you do not give him a finishing stroke there then it must be your own fault. Do you understand it now?"

"Aye—I see it very plainly; and you may rest assured that I shall not fail in touching him there."

"You will do it, then?"

"I will."

"Good. I'll see you again. I must see to the rest now."

With this the count left the apartment, and went down into the court. As he was making his way towards the armorer's shop, he saw a priest and two monks enter the gate, and shortly afterwards he met Everhard.

"What now?" he asked. "Why are those monks here?"

"Do you forget that we have two dead men to bury?" returned Everhard.

"By my faith, I had forgotten it entirely. But when will the services come off?"

"In an hour from now. I am just going to make arrangements."

"By all that's fortunate, this comes just in time!" the plotting count uttered to himself, after he had had gone. "Now, while we attend this service in the chapel, my work shall be done!"

Thus speaking, he kept on to the shop, and called out a man who stood near the outer door. This fellow wore the garb of an armorer, and also I wore a most villainous look. He was one of Baden's own men.

"Conrad," the master said, as soon as they were alone, "think you would know the armor of this Black Crusader if you were to see it?"

"Most surely I should, sir," the sturdy returned, "there's not another suit like his in the castle."

"Then, hark ye: Do you think if you could gain access to his armor you could fix the shoulder piece so that a sword-blow would remove them?"

"Of course I could."

"And so that the cuirass should not notice it when he put the pieces on?"

"Yes, sir. I can loosen the rivets on the under side so that the plates may be knocked off easily by a sweeping blow inclining from the neck outward."

"Good. You shall be shown the chamber, and while all hands are at this funeral in the chapel, do you fix all the shoulder pieces upon the left side in that way. You know the necessity of the utmost caution and secrecy?"

"Certainly I do, sir."

"It is well. I know I may trust you even with my very life. Did I not feel so, Conrad, be assured I should not trust you with this."

"You know you may trust me with everything, sir," the armorer returned, seeming highly gratified with the compliment.

"So I do, good Conrad. And now see; I am going into the great hall. In five minutes do you come in. Speak not to me there, but follow me wherever I may go."

The fellow promised, and Rudolf went to the hall. In five minutes he saw Conrad enter, and as soon as he knew the latter had seen him he turned towards the stairway, and the armorer followed him. At the door of the chamber where the armor was he stopped, and when his man came up, he said:

"This is the chamber. Watch the chapel when the services commence, and as soon as you see the two Crusaders enter, do you hasten thither with your tools and do the work then. You will find the armor within here. Do you understand it clearly?"

The fellow asked for information on some few points, and then they separated, the armorer going down, and the count ascending to the top of the main tower.

Half an hour after this, Conrad, the armorer, was in the large chamber where the Crusaders had slept. He gazed out at the window, and saw that the knights were all in the chapel; then he turned to the place where the armor was laid. Of course he had no difficulty in selecting that which belonged to the Unknown; and having selected the shoulder pieces, which were attached to the breastplate, he

THE DEATH-STROKE OF THE GIGANTIC ROBBER, JOHN VON KEMPTEN

soaked himself, and commenced the diabolical preparations for a still more diabolical work. With a file he loosened, and a small rivet, he chipped away the edges of the rivets on the inner side, so that the plate hung loose, and could be removed by a blow in either direction upon them. After this he rubbed the chipped places over with moistened iron-rust, so that the treachery should not be detected when the armor was put on by his armor, and then, having placed everything as he had found it, he glided away as he had come.

When half hour the services in the chapel had been concluded, and the Count of Baden met his armorer.

"How now, Sir Knight?" cried Everhard, as he heard the former giving orders for having his horse in readiness.

"I must be on my way, good sir," the Unknown replied.

"No, no—not yet. To-morrow is the day for our grand tournament."

"Ha!—so it is!"

"It is; and we had calculated upon your presence. There will be many noble knights present, I trust, and it will not disappoint us."

"By the rood, no. If there is to be a tournament, I will surely try for though I have no ambition to expose myself upon the friendly field, yet I would see how the power of arms is maintained by my countrymen."

"But you will not refuse a turn, or a tilt, Sir Crusader?"

"Why—no, not if my staff wish to break a lance against a wind-mill."

"Of course there'll be some who will wish to try the metal of the man of whom they have heard so much. Or, at all events, they will call him to the list, and then he may give the challenge if he please."

"I must stop——— So, my good Robert, you may be sure I will be——hide. Do you and Robert take them down in the green vale below and let them pursue awhile. My Lord of Wartenberg, where is this ground below?"

"As far as your eye can reach is mine, sir."

"Then I may send our animals down?"

"Aye—on payment of the usual sum."

"Of course many!"

"Why—give a holdsfarning to the poor old woman in the glen—she who occupies the cot, as is her right, for in the hour when no admission can be had to the castle, her door is open to the weary, benighted traveller. Gentlemen, when a member of this place is away, strangers gain no entrance here."

"It will give me pleasure to help the poor woman, my Lord."

"Mark you—it is only a custom. I give her a few quarts of the vale, and she does with them as she pleases."

The fancy struck our hero that he would take a look at the ground where he was having his horse beaten with the horse he went out and descended the winding stairway, and when he came to the base to the vale, but the scenery was so magnificent that he noticed nothing else. Having reached the foot of the rock he turned to the left, and saw long crossed the mountain stream by the narrow bridge, and he thought him to the green vale. It was a lovely spot; shut in on all hands by towering heights, with sweet flowers and fragrant shrubs growing upon the elevated sides; grass in abundance waving o'er the level space, while a small mountain run murmuring through it to join the torrent near the bridge.

The Crusader directed his attendant to let the horse run, and remain by to watch them, and then he commenced a search for the cot. It was a simple structure, quite wide on the ground, with walls of stone laid in cement, and the roof thatched with straw. It was quite near to the bridge, and upon the banks of the stream some distance down. There were several little outhouses, and also a broad pen, within which our hero noticed a large flock of fowls. Having gazed upon the cot and its surroundings for a few moments, he entered the humble dwelling.

At a rough table, upon the further side of the apartment into which the Crusader had made his way, stood an old woman engaged in mixing some mixture dough. She was three score, at least; tall and straight, with a form still fair in proportion, and with a face which was peculiarly her own—such a face as, once seen, would seldom be forgotten.

"What!—Clotilda!" uttered the Knight, taking a step forward. But as he did so he seemed to recollect himself, for the eager look upon his face was quickly banished, and in a calm, careless tone he added:

"I believe that is your name. I think they said so at the castle."

But the old woman did not reply at once. She started up when she heard her name pronounced, and taking a step forward she gazed intently into the face of her visitor.

"Sir Crusader!" said she you had charge of the glen here, my good woman. I have taken the liberty of bringing my horse down to rip your sweet grass, and take an airing in the vale. Here are some dirhs. It will help you to a meal at some time when you may need it."

"What!—a silver mark? You are generous, good sir."

"No, no—I only wish I could do more; but my purse is empty at this particular time, to be very plain."

"Then art from abroad?" the woman said, gazing more sharply than before into his face.

"I am from Palestine, mother."

"That face! Those eyes!" the hostess whispered, half to herself. "Ha! Do I once more——" "Hold!" cried the Crusader, catching her by the arm. "You know me not?"

The old woman gazed sharply into her visitor's face. At first there was a look of doubt upon her features, but soon it passed away, and with an expression of fond assurance she said—

"Ah—that face never grew from anything but the——"

"Be sure, ere you speak," interrupted the Knight.

"And am I not sure? Oh! blessed boy! My noble, generous——"

With a quick movement the visitor placed his hand over the woman's lips, and as he did so he whispered:

"I will not try to deceive you further, my good old Clotilda; but let not my name pass the lips in the presence of any living soul. I am down to all to Crusader—age—to all on earth. Will you remember this?"

"Most assuredly I will, my boy," the aged dame replied, kissing the hands—both of them—upon the Knight's arm, and gazing fondly and eagerly into his face. "Most assuredly I will," she repeated. "But tell me—oh! tell me—where you come. Tell me all. It is—it is—my own loved boy——my——"

"Ah—beware, Clotilda; speak not that name. I have thy promise."

"But not to thee?"

"Yes, even to me. I have not heard it for eighteen long years. During those long, long years that name has not once fallen upon my ears."

"But I may know thy story. Thou will tell me——"

"Not now, Clotilda. The tale is not yet to be told. Ah—would'st make thee start were I to tell thee all. Then would'st feel thy weary heart sink like lead in thy bosom, or beat like the throbbing of earth beneath the power of nature's quaking convulsion! But be sure thou shalt know all in time. Ha, I little thought of finding thee when my best hope me put a holdsfarning in thy hand for the run of my horses in thy vale here."

"And God knows that you were the last person I should have thought of seeing," the hostess added, with her fond, admiring, searching gaze still fixed upon the young man's face. She seemed to know that she looked upon one whom she had tenderly loved long years agone, and yet she could hardly realize that it was not some stranger Illusion. But ere long she set all doubts aside, and having wiped away the tears that had been standing down her cheeks, she said—

"I shall pray tonight with a happier spirit, and have one more loved being on earth for whom to ask God's blessing. And I shall think, too, that thy mother's saintly presence may be hovering o'er thy glen."

"Oh, Clotilda, you join my own fancy there. Often, often have I imagined that the spirit of my sainted mother was present with me. Ah—she was a pure being!"

"Such never leave a purse!" ejaculated the old woman, astutely.

"Aye—I know she was kind to thee. But enough for now. I will seize some favorable hour or so ere I leave this place, and come to thee again. I dare not stop longer now. There will be those in the castle now who could found a suspicion upon this, and should they do so, and this reminds me of another caution I must give thee. The time may be far off or look of hopes may present may suspect that you have recognized me. Can you remember this?"

"Yes."

"Remember—my very life may depend upon your forbearance in this."

"Fear not, my noble boy. I will even strain the truth from my lips ere it shall pass from me."

"I thank thee, mother. And now, until we meet again, farewell."

"God bless thee ever, and make thy life a happy one."

With these words the woman let go of the hand she had taken, and as her door she stood and watched the gallant form until it was disappeared beyond the spur of the rock; and after she could hear him no more she knelt, laid her hot cot and wiped her streaming eyes. For some moments she remained and heard into the vacancy before her, and then sinking into a seat she murmured to herself—

"It is—it is he. And yet whence came he? Where has he been for the—for I have seen him. It is his own fault, for I have felt it warm and throbbing like his mother's heart. Oh—how is it? Surely there must be some wondrous story connected with all this. Can it my fears should yet prove true? They may—they may. And I can hold them now without the old sorrow, for *he lives!* The noble boy is still alive!"

CHAPTER X.

THE TOURNAMENT.

As soon as the funeral of the two dead knights had been properly attended to, Count Everhard sent his men-at-arms and his artisans off to prepare for the sports of the morrow. About a league from the castle, in the direction of the same vale in which Clotilda's cot stood, and only a short distance from the path which led over through which the road ran, was a wide plain where for many years the wild count of Wartenberg had held his tournaments, and it was to be the spot for the sport. The small brook fell by two or three mountain falls, and then entered the vale, and its waters were as cold as ice itself.

At the further end there was a mound shaped tongue, and the spraised or wounded knight bathe his fevered limbs.

It was to this place that the count's crew made their way, and at once proceeded to put things in order for the morrow. The heavy spiked barriers meants for the staging and the galleries were already up; and on the hillings of the vale, and also hill that was to be done, and the men returned to the castle, leaving the horses at liberty to browsing up sprass and trapplings for both man and beast. Of course the Knight of Baden and his men and the visitors to his tournaments should be something like thousands of power in case of need.

During the day the Unknown never ventured openly entertained by the host, though they saw him at the table in the great hall. He evening, however, they all met in the great hall, and the wine kept up to a late hour. The guests consisted of three twenty knights from different parts of Warmany, and besides had arrived, and the revel was kept up to a late hour. The Unknown drank sparingly of the treacherous beverage; and there was one other present who did the same. Sir Marco Montani had even enough of the Black Knight to know that he had a piece of work before him that would require all his nerve and his power of mind, and he wisely kept his strength to himself. As for the about host, he was quite too excited to have little effect upon him. He was used to his beard, and he could stand a good quantity, and his honest, spirited contentedness.

The morning upon the great tower struck the hour of midnight ere the revel was over, but as the last echoes of the heavy tones were reverberating among the arches of the chapel, the guests all filled to the brim, and the host cried out in a voice of

"To the victor of the morrow!"

All hands responded the toast; and none spoke more loudly than did Engelbert of Marburg; and as he spoke he bent his eyes fondly upon the Unknown.

The Knights consisted of fifteen at encounters was to have two bouts, at the discretion of the referees. Between the encounters, there was to be a short interval of rest, with their horses; but the six thirteen contests were to be fought out in one day, and the combatants fixed ready at each other. Hence the many field encounters at their encounters. Some of the bravest knights of the empire were upon this

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Black Eagle! Aye—and the Italian bent his eyes in the same direction; and upon his dark features there dawn a look of struggling triumph!

Early on the following morning people began to arrive from all quarters, most of the knights appearing at the castle, while the peasants and artisans and humbler people kept on to the place of the tournament. All was life and activity in the castle, from the hardly lived down to the scavenger. As the knights were selecting their weapons and armor, messengers were running to the horses; the armorers were finishing up the wooden beams that were to be observed in the lists; while the knights' squires were running to and fro, setting forth the food that was to be freely distributed upon the ground; for the Lieutenant of Wirtemberg, never allowed even the emperor himself to outdo him in liberality on such occasions.

At the morning's meal, which was served to the great hall, there were a thousand guests, and the long tables were literally groaned beneath the weight of food.

"Now, noble knights and gentlemen," cried Everhard, after the food had been all removed, and the wine had passed, "all is ready for the tourney. The fair ladies have selected the queen of our coronation, and now the knights must each be required!"

Then speaking the host took from the hands of a boy attendant a neat packet bound around with blue ribbon, and having opened it he read as follows:

"Noble knights,—— We have elected as your queen of love and beauty the lady Agnes of Ravenswood. To her this day let your deeds be made; and to succeed that she will bestow the reward of bravery without fear or favor."

As the count ceased reading, the name of the fair queen was acclamationed from every lip, and the thousand goblets were emptied amid the wild shouts of applause.

"Now to horse! to horse!" shouted Everhard; and as he spoke he leaped from his own place and led the way from the hall.

In the court the horses were all prepared, and as soon as the guests had been seated to their saddle the knights mounted and rode forth. In advance rode the heralds and trumpeters, and then came the knights and squires from abroad, with their emblems upon their shields, and the lord and Baron of Lauenburg; and then Constance of Baden and Elizabeth of Wirtemberg mounted upon the Count of Rudolf and Sir Otto; while following these came the other ladies with their attendants, followed by another detachment of knights and squires.

When the cavalcade reached the ground they found the people of the surrounding country, to the number of several thousands, assembled there. The throne of the queen had been erected and was adorned with canopy, velvet and gold, and upon either hand were seats for her fair companions. Below, upon the right, the seats were set for the judges and their umpire; while to the left were seats for the nobility.

The sports commenced with a wrestling match, in which the peasants alone were allowed to join. Some twenty brave fellows entered the arena, and during the trial the shouts of the spectators arose to the clouds. The prize of victory was awarded to a youth of Weinsberg, named John Lerbach.

Next came a boxing match, in which the strokes alone could join. At the call of half an hour Heinrich Wollenberg stood alone in the list. He was a young man, not over five-and-twenty; of comely form and feature; and, was one of the best artisans in the armory of the Count of Rudolf. He was the only child of Cathilda, the aged dame of the place. A dozen others had been in the list sent from his presence, and he now gave his challenge to any other who might feel disposed to come forth.

"Where is Conrad?" asked the count of Baden. "Sir is a most expert boxer."

Thus who stood around heard the words of Rudolf, and the name was passed on by a hundred tongues. Then published Conrad the armorer stands his appearance. We have seen him once before in the chamber of the Crusaders. He was a stout, burly fellow, with a cast of countenance not particularly liked.

"Ha! is this you, Conrad Blackhurst?" muttered Heinrich, as the former entered the list. "Ah—you know me, I think," returned Conrad.

"I know thee too well. I wish not to meet thee. Thou hast no business here—so get thee gone!"

"Hold, babble!" cried the fellow, madly. "Put yourself in position if you need it, and let us have hard knocked off!"

"My noble sire," said Hendrick, turning to where the judges sat, "must I engage this villain? He is not worthy the encounter with an honest man. A fellow who robs not only his master, but peels neither bigbies virtue nor grey hairs. Send him—but let me not meet him!"

"Cease thy insolent babbling, knave!" shouted the count of Baden, in a fury, "or I will have thee removed from the list!"

All eyes were turned in the direction from whence this insult proceeded, and the armorer could see who had spoken. By this time, however, the rage of Conrad Blackhurst had overcome his reason, and darting forward, he thought to strike the youth to the ground; but his movement had been detected, and in a moment he was met by a blow of green sward from a blow upon his forehead. When he came to his feet he presented a sad sight indeed, and with the bitter curse yet upon his lips he dashed madly at his adversary, and struck at him a blow with his sword. The other was wild and furious, and with a fire cool, well-directed blows, Master Conrad was rendered unfit for further service.

Rudolf of Baden cried "*Fool!*" but he found himself alone in the opinion, for the prize was awarded to Hendrick Wollenberg amid the repeated cheers of the multitude.

"Clever mind," muttered Rudolf to himself. "Conrad has done me service that may help to bring about a double game for Everhard's advantage."

And now came some steeler work. Six next-of-kin, of Everhard's castle, entered the list and gave their challenge. They were common shell caps of iron, shirts of heavy mail, and light leggings. For some moments no one appeared against them; but at length there came forth Rudolfo and Bernard von Schaffenhausen entered, and shortly afterwards the victory was theirs of Rudolf, followed them. The first two will be recognized as the squires of Rudolf of Lauenburg. The weapons of these combatants were heavy battle-axes, each bearing also his shield.

All the given signal the combat commenced, and very long it was evident that the two squires were being severely handled. The tall, gaunt form of Bernard seemed shaft like as swinging upon among them, while the shorter and more burly form of Robert stuck to its legs with a resolution and tenacity that was not to be overcome. At the end of fifteen minutes the two squires with one of their companions stood victors of the field.

Everhard's six next-of-kin lay upon the green sward, and three of the men of Stuttgart by their side. Yet none were killed. The spikes were blunted; the list was covered; and then followed a death-like stillness. There was none to be a show of still severer stuff.

There was a movement in the enclosure where the knights were assembled, and by a moment afterwards came the blast of a trumpet. The barrier was thrown down, and in a body the knights of Rudolf and of Baden rode proudly into the list. His armor was of burnished steel, inlaid with gold and silver; his helm was surmounted by a triple plume; and his horse caparisoned with magnificence. He wore his visor up, and as the rays of the sun were flashed back from the polished plates, and his gaze was proudly over the multitude, another loud shout greeted him. He bore aloft his heavy jousting lance, and then dropping his gauntlet from his hand he cast it upon the ground.

For some moments no one appeared, and a murmur of impatience was beginning to arise, when the barrier was again thrown down, and, at a blast from the herald's trumpet, Engelbert of Marburg rode in and picked up the gauntlet upon the point of his lance, and extended it to the herald.

"Who is he?" was the question upon hundreds of lips. Some more versed in heraldry than others read from his shield that he was of Marburg. Then others knew his name and his fame, for he was one of the Holy Land; and soon another shout, loud and long, arose upon the air, for the people held the gallant knight in the reward of all.

There was one among the spectators who trembled perceptibly; and that was Constance of Baden. She knew her brother was accounted one of the best knights of the land, and of late years, in her noble lover overcome now for half her estates.

The trumpet sounded again, and as the two knights closed their visors, Everard von Schaffenhausen rode forward with his shield and lance. He had from his shield that he was of Marburg. Then others knew his name and his fame, for he was one of the Holy Land; and soon another shout, loud and long, arose upon the air, for the people held the gallant knight in the reward of all.

There was one among the spectators who trembled perceptibly; and that was Constance of Baden. She knew her brother was accounted one of the best knights of the land, and of late years, however, just as cry of horror went up from the multitude at the prospect of Everhard's death. Down upon the ground fell the lance, and as he quite eye caught the meaning of the scene, he called his horse from the ground and yet. But swift and impulsive as had been that of wrath, the noble beast was not quick enough to avoid the fatal thrust.

At this juncture the shouts of the spectators became more wild and jubilant than at any time the whole day; and when the cause of this was made list, he went with the prelates of the honest people to congratulate the victor.

"Noble count," the Crusader said, extending his hand, "I am glad to see you safe and well. But tell me that you will not blame my poor horse for his meddling in this matter?"

"Not at all," answered Everhard, warmly, and by the holy rood, no. See—see how plainly he has told the tournament!"

And it was even so. The horse approached the fallen knight, and with his head bowed down, he until Everhard patted him upon the neck and spoke kindly to him.

Such was the excitement consequent upon this strange scene was over, Everhard took a fresh lance, and with his shield upon his left arm, position and casting his gauntlet upon the ground. In a moment more the Black Knight rode forth and approached the barrier.

"Who comes here?" shouted Sir Otto von Meckenheim, the herald-at-arms, and opposite the Unknown's entrance.

The knight did not yield nor here.

"Not so. None pass here but those we know to be worthy of the honor to be brought."

"One who has written his name high on the tower of fame, and whose prowess has been tried upon the fields of Palestine."

"What he, there?" exclaimed the elder judge, just as Everhard had ceased riding up to the herald's device? Knave ye not the knight of Swabia?"

"I am. I do not back full of his fame! I oppose you!"

"Who has dared to interrupt thee?" asked Everhard.

"No one of whom it were worth our while to care—but a knight who has come to claim the prize rode on.

"Then one was now out of wild excitement. Everhard of Wurtemberg was well known as the champion of his realm, while the fame of the Black Knight was also widely spread. The men, as they sat their saddles, they looked like twins in power, and the spectators were at a loss to tell which was the better looking knight.

Again the trumpet sounded, and both lances were shivered. Everhard was seen to tremble in his seat, though he rode safely on. The next clit, however, was not so well sustained, and the blow upon the knight of Marburg's lance.

Neither weapon was broken, and neither rider unseated, though it plainly appeared that the Crusader had made the best point. Both were equally antagonist for having carried his lance unfairly.

"Say not so, noble count," quickly returned the other. "If I carried mine higher than my opponent's I carried it lower as much lower. If you have my fault you have also his, and so we are even them."

It is right," cried Everhard. "You carried all well. But once—to your places."

It was very plain to Engelbert that the Count was excited and angry. The cool, calm look was all their opinion, and it was not at all flattering to the Lord of Baden. He felt sure of the fate of the target; for he knew, and he knew that all others knew, that had it been securely fastened, he must have been borne from his saddle.

"Ho, ho! Rudolf of Baden, it isn't the fat you should be angry with, but yourself!"

This was spoken by some one in the crowd, and the attention to which he taught Rudolf could not come on that spot.

The count trembled with rage, but he was too wise to say anything to show it.

Engelbert had seen one thing that served his purpose well, and that was the shield on the left arm. He had discovered that the count had his target tied to his arm, though he had managed to turn off ere, by them, he could be dragged from his seat. This was more and cowardly; but the Crusader reasoned in politics, though he had involved to punish it most severely. His plan had been to ride down the point of his lance upon the side fastenings of his antagonist's helm, and then with him off. Now, however, he could not well

mailed, and self-preserving spirit—it shirt the skull in brain, and the bold robber, Sir John von Kempton, was no more of earth!

CHAPTER XII

A WARNING.

AS SOON as the Black Knight had withdrawn his arm from the cleft helm of the giant, he started back, and casting his gauntlet once more upon the ground, he cried:

"Have ye another hound to set upon me? If so, let him come! But if not, then let my knock-down stun who chooses to raise here with me!"

Proudly erect the Unknown stood, with his mailed arms folded upon his swelling breast, while the shouts of applause went up from the assembled multitude, like the voice of thunder. The moments passed on, and yet no one came forward to the guard upon the dial before them, and when the sun had passed a certain point, the cheer was. The herald received the signal, and a long, loud blast followed. The Black Knight's horse was led to him, and having mounted, he rode out and approached the stand of the judges, where he again bowed from his saddle.

"Sir Knight of the Eagle," spoke the eldest of the judges, "does last horse there? Will he rest? and to thee belongs the victory. Justice gives it —so award I. Approach the queen, and receive the reward of thy gallantry."

We of the present day can hardly realize the thrilling emotions of joy and pride that swelled the victorious knight in the hour of his conquest. And when he looked at the beauty of the queen who had been chosen as queen of the coronation, and received the simple memento of the occasion, not all the horrors of Tartarian torture could have hindered the redescend the prize. So felt our hero as he knelt at the feet of Queen Adelaide of Isburg; and when he arose, with the crimson sash thrown over his shoulder, he felt that he could face gave a new charm to his manly beauty. The steel, or coat, was of silk, studded with pearls, with thread of gold, and here, beside the profuse ornaments, the device of a rose sustained by a dove and a sword. The device was curious in more senses than one. It gave the general idea of the time concerning the sentiment of love, and also told the story of the knight's devotion to the queen who wrought it. And many of the fair beauties who were surely fitting only for a knight of the Cross. Everybody knew by that that "Love had pointed out to the ladies the victor in advance."

But he that as it may, they were all well pleased with the result, even to the last Constance of Baden, for though she loved Engelbert well, yet she had not even dared to be cruelly conscious of the compliment in arms, nor would she have wished to see them cased or denied.

"Noble sir," spoke Agnes of Luxemburg, as she threw back over the victor's dark armor, "it becomes my duty as herald to speak to you in the name of my lady queen. Will you remember, when you look upon this slight ornament, that the bravest who is brave for the good of the worthy; while bravery in the hand of evil is but evil's ally to toil? May the helpless orphan, the struggling widow, and the oppressed everywhere find a friend in him whom I thus adorn."

The hero could not have spoken if he would. He met the beaming gaze of the queen for a moment, and with a low bow he turned away.

As soon as the enthusiasm of the spectators had subsided, the herald proclaimed the list opened. There were a few more jousts, in which several knights took part, and then the arena was thrown open to the spectators for an hour. There were wrestling and leaping matches, in which many youths proved themselves stout and brave; and then the whole ground up with plunging the heavy pitch, in which over a hundred of the stoutest men took part.

With a loud laugh Everhard proposed that the knights should go in and try their hand at the new game. There were innumerable little booths dotted into the ground to mark the distance to which different men should pitch the quoit.

Everhard made the first trial. This quoit was a stone, with the surface so polished that it would not roll, and weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. He could make the throw, and only not make was planted beyond the mark that was made. A gleesome shout followed this effort, and then Engelbert took the stone. It cost to him little with all his power, and it struck only a few inches short of Everhard's throw. Another trial, and then another trial, which fell far short of the last.

"Come, my noble son of mystery," cried the Wild Count, turning to our hero; "you must show your skill here. By my faith I took to see you outdo us all!"

"And thus onthe myself, sh?" replied the Crusader, laughing. "But I'll try. Where mark I that beyond yours, my lord?"

"That!" "Ah! the gentle filthy of that boy of bones yonder," Everhard answered, pointing to the gentle found was Nicholas Rudolf.

"Then I'll have a try at it," said the knight, and he advanced to the spot where the quoit had received from the handler which this quaint answer brought upon him he picked up the stone and took his place. He had removed the heavy breastpiece and his right arm, thus giving full play to the elbow and shoulder. He carefully measured the distance of Everhard's stake with his eye, and having settled upon the necessary elevation, he drew back and gave one or two preparatory swings. Those who the great object in view. Many there knew that the throw must be a good one. And so it was. The stone left the knight's quoit, at an elevation higher than any before, and with a dull cloud it struck the ground nearly two feet beyond Bernard's tantalizing mark.

"By the holy rood, Sir Unknown," cried Everhard, in the excitement of the moment, "I will lay a run a race with my Arabian steed! Tore God, but I should look to be left behind!"

"We'll put that off till I gain a greater length of limb, or you can unsecure my podgiree," our hero returned with a genial, good-natured smile.

"But tell me truly, my noble host," he added, taking Everhard by the hand, "you cannot have any jealousy to grow out of all this?"

"Pooh, pooh!" returned the count, with a friendly severity in his tone. "I tell you, you don't know the master of Wertemberg. Let me hear no more of that!"

He returned the grasp of his victor as he spoke, and then, turning to the vast assembling, he called in a loud voice:

"Come on, every one of ye, to the castle—young and old, male and female. 'Twill be late for dinner if we loiter by the way. Now up with the ladies, Sir Jerin and noble knights, and let us be off. The conclusions and surgeon's men must bring up the dead."

It was a common thing in those days for dead men to be found upon the ground at the end of a tournament, and little thought was paid to the affair beyond the usual thoughts of death. But in the present case none mourned for those who were gone——— None, said I? There was one who may have mourned as his rough, villainous nature would let him mourn; and that was Judah von Kempton. He was a brother of the slain gauntlet—a Capuchin monk—five years younger than his brother—like him, reckless and unprincipled, and though not so stout as the other, yet stouter than ordinary men. A vast collection of the evil passions had rendered him unfit for much active service, though he could make hard work for the man who chanced to fall within his grasp. Judah von Kempton had been a sort of decoy for his elder brother, going in advance to prepare the victim for the slaughter, and thus giving the robbers easy entrance at night. They would overfall every upon the Black Knight, as the latter rode proudly by him, and one with such a shock here would have been startled by its intense ugliness.

There was one man who saw that look—who had, in fact, been watching the face of the monk for some time—and he seemed highly satisfied with what he saw. That man was no other than the noble Count Rudolf of Baden. At that moment the count and the monk were kneeling over some stone or stone slab, that they might have exchanged hands without serious jarring in the train of their thoughts.

But the cavalcade passed on, and the populace left the ground to the dead, with the exception of just they reached the castle. A hundred servants and men had met at the gate, and a supper-table was prepared. Four large oxen, a score of sheep, half a ton of venison, with rabbits, fowls, and other small game by the hundred, were served up in the wide court. Within the great hall the tables were all set, and the Count Rudolf of Baden entertained, and most-at-arms made merry over the generous fare. Many of the noble knights and noble knights and ladies sat down within.

And here, again, the Black Knights had more to make him worth. By the laws of the German tournaments, if there was a festival to follow, the victor had the choice of the dames for the time of especial charge. So now the Black Knight occupied the seat of honor by the side of Queen Luxemburg, while the count sat away down the table, with Constance of Baden, Agnes of Luxemburg, and most-at-arms made merry over the generous fare. Many of the noble knights and noble knights and ladies sat down within.

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It was late when the ladies left the table, and after this the wine flowed freely. The first toast was to the queen of the day; the next to the victor; the third to the lady fair; and the fourth to Engelbert's gallant horse. This latter was greeted with the shouts of the whole assembly, and loud and sonorous laughter. At a late hour the company broke up. In fact, it had been already broken for some time. The first link taken out of the wassail chain was Sir Otto von Metzinger, who rolled from the table beneath the weight of wine. After him went many in the same way, and Rudolf of Baden himself, with his hand, led the way to his attendants carried him off.

As the conclusion of the adjournment was at his height, the Knight of the Eagle felt some one pull quickly at his elbow, and, on turning, he beheld the face of the monk Judah, who said:

"Come with me, sir," the youthful messenger quickly.

"But for what?"

"Ask nothing here. Follow me."

"Who sent you? Tell me that"

"One sent me who cares for you. Come—quickly!"

There was a spark of intelligence in the boy's eye which found favor with our hero, and he rose, and with a low bow he turned away.

As soon as the enthusiasm of the spectators had subsided, the herald proclaimed the list opened. There were a few more jousts, in which several knights took part, and then the arena was thrown open to the spectators for an hour. There were wrestling and leaping matches, in which many youths proved themselves stout and brave; and then the whole ground up with plunging the heavy quoit, in which over a hundred of the stoutest men took part.

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THE WORLD-CAULDRON.

The political movements of our age, extending to, and deeply felt throughout the nations of the civilized world, are full of food for all speculative philosophy. What spirit has thus disturbed the larger old countries of Europe, and aroused the new ones? For ages, those ancient and rebellious peoples have been stirred at intervals, only by the quarrels of their kings, whose claims were opposed with a zeal drowning misguided loyalty. Now we see them striving to appear as the kings have done in the past—forsaking institutions which their own blood and treasure created—leaping to the help of objects of former reverence, and struggling with a wild fervor for new ideas, new institutions, and a new social and political state. Indeed, revolutions, rebellion fire, and despotism perish in the midst of this marvellous revolution. Absolutism, the idol of the semi-barbarous nations of the nineteenth century. Among them all, are visible those of the great movements that have convulsed Europe. China, India, the lesser continents of the Southern seas, and the darker regions of our own hemisphere are undergoing rapid and mighty changes. The communities with other systems are refused by them, as it laugh forced upon them—the title of civilization and humanity are claimed by every nation and caste, and sweeps away all dividing lines. Wars may occur, but they bring the great body of the people no more than temporary grief and excite-ment. Intelligence kindles the spirit of Liberty in the world's breast, and it is the spirit of Liberty that stirs the world-cauldron, with glorious promises of a new millennium for man.

WHERE THEY LIE.

The strength and safety of a people lie not alone in multitude. Like they, then, in the power of revolution and manoeuvre? Is beyonets lifted in the glance of the sun? Could numbers save Poland and Hungary and Italy? They did not! The strength and safety of a people lie in their knowledge of their dignity and rights and their sense in defence of them. Ignorant and disunited, the greater the number the greater the danger of a people. They are their own curse. They fall slave and disarmed. Then, in the darkness, the lands become untilled. Give a people a true knowledge of themselves, and they can oppose them. Liberty comes with intelligence, and the unarmed intelligent million are stronger than the armed armed millions. The strength of the American people lies least in the number of their citizens and more in their intelligence, in their newspapers, and books. These are indestructible weapons, by which age and youth, and weight, and armed with them, we are safer and stronger than with a self-feeling with numbers and not armed with them, millions was together, and strike mightily, but bloodily, as one man, through the battle-field.

> Knowledge comes but wisdom lives apart,
> And neighbor thinks and thinks not of his neighbor.
> A wonder, thinkest me, and I wonder not
> At more than fair upon the sea,
> And remember a thousand years
> As lightnings to the well of God!"

HOPE.

This of all the months of the year, is the most appropriately named. April" comes from opere —Latin word, which signifies to open, to set forth, and relates most beautifully to the opening of the buds and blossoms, and the bringing forth of the flowers, and the fruit-producing leaves.

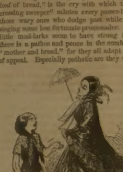
Among our Saxon ancestors, April was called "Easter-monat," because it was the "month," or month, in which their goddess Easter, was ceremonially honored with festivals. Among our Dutch ancestors, and sometimes even now, in England, April is represented as a maiden crowned with green, and garlanded with myrtle boughs and hawthorn buds, and holding primroses and cowslips in her hand, and in the other the zodiacal sign of Taurus —the latter arrangement pointing to the fact that the sun enters this constellation during April. Spenser thus genially says of April:

> Next comes fresh April, full of lusty head,
> And seems as a kid whose horn new buds.
> Upon a bull he rideth, decked all with flowers,
> Whereto, leading fair by hyacinth fields,
> And in his hand a burning heart he bears,
> And wanton lambs around him sport, and play
> Of all the months in the year, most meet for lovers.

Hope is the month of the year, and we hereunto, in spirit, in the comfort—hope in the church—hope everywhere and in all!

THE LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPERS.

"Please give me a penny, to buy my mother a loaf of bread," is the cry with which the "little crossing sweeper" salutes every passer-by, except those very ones who dodge past while she is begging—those low fortune-proclaimers. All these little mud-larks seem to have strong faith that there is a pathos and power in the combination of "mother and bread," for they all adopt that form of appeal. Especially pathetic are they when such



a lady as is represented in our engraving approaches their beat; but great as is their pathos on such occasions, it is not at all to be compared to their pertinacity. In vain does the respectable lady look coldly and shake her head with decision; in vain does she cry "go away!" in vain does the present neither to see nor to hear; the unconscious "Please give me a penny to buy my mother a loaf of bread" is indefatigably repeated as one footsteps away, while the dirty little face looks after her in hope thrust before her, until her very back-parlor is the wife rage, and her home flutter with indignation. Midway of the crossing she meets another accuracy, outstretched hand, and another voice utters the old cry. "Please give me a penny to buy my mother a loaf of bread!" and thus she is escorted, by a voice and a hand on either side, to the pavement, and perhaps far along the street.

Much as we may disapprove of the common expression of street-begging, it is impossible to serve the heart up to the exhibition of hardness towards these poor little creatures. Many of them do real work-y; but they are inevitable, as are all similar breakings-out or storeroom of an unhealthy system, whether it be a physical, a political or a social one. Let us have done with the boundless pagans of the social body needing them, even if we do not contribute towards the purchase of that much-needed soap which they so much require.

THE "STARVING" MOTHER AND CHILD.

Every dweller in a city has seen the "starving mother and child," for they infest almost every

ry street. The child scrawny and ragged; and with the aid of cloth and indigo, furnished with a pretty specimen of a mother's love and care, which goes straight to the hearts of the unsophisticated. The mother is an exaggerated copy of the child, got up with great care, and (as back-note dictates) her air of respectability is studiously to deceive. But it is easy to detect them impostors, if one only takes the pains to note the look of eager, selfish cunning that all their dissimulation cannot keep from peering out of their eyes, and which our artist has so graphically depicted in his sketch.

The mother and child are "starving"—so she says; but if you give her a half-dollar, or any other coin, does she rush to a baker's shop to buy food wherewith to appease the cries of such real hunger, as would be natural for a "starving" mother? Do she hasten to the nearest butcher for the rescues of her squalid attire, and hastedly go in, immediately, to the relief of her "starving" away till lunch time; when she deliberately pulls out her pocketbook from some mysterious receptacle, and makes a hearty meal, at a first-class restaurant and the season-by. This done, "she wipeth her mouth and saith, I am hungry," and proceeds to recompense herself and child once more in the provision stores, and "supper" is the order of the day, goes home to a hearty supper and hot gin and water; while modest misery, which partakes not itself before the public, goes supperless to bed.

HOPE.

One of the poets has associated hope with restlessness of spirit, in the couplet—

> Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
> Man never is, but always is to, blest.

Job has associated it with poverty, by declaring that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish." Even our own Franklin has put it in prose by his maxims that, "he that lives on hope shall die fasting," and "another good has gone so far as to exclaim—

> "Sweet hope, kind cheat!"

And yet we think there is no emotion of the human mind which is more worthy of cultivation than hope. It is the very life of individual character, never can be lost, unless abused by being substituted for real ends. It always gives human bliss to the possessor, and shows itself by irradiations from its countenance, and by that mild but beautiful effect which we express when we say "wrestled in smiles."

But hope is beneficent to the society in which its indulger moves. The hopeful man makes everything around him happy. He causes smiles of joy to take the place of the frowns of despair, and renders many a desert spot an oasis!

Commend us to hope—hope in the family circle—hope in the school-house—hope in the counting-room or office—hope in the court-room—hope in the church—hope everywhere and in all!

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"AND YE SHALL CALL THE SABBATH A DELIGHT."

I like to throw open the windows of my soul on Sabbath morning—air it of the week's fret, and dust, and sorrow, and let in the whitewinged dove of Peace to sing me a song of Heaven. I like to go to church;—it is to me like turning from the dusty highway of life into green fields, and under the friendly shade of some sheltering tree, gazing, through its leafy canopy, into the serene blue depths above. The holy hymn soothes me like a mother's lullaby, and I am every child. I care not to read the words of the book which contain grace in my hands. I would listen, with closed eyes, while my soul syllables its own sacred burden; a floating song on that melody to Him who has given us the blessed day of rest; and as the last note dies away, I would cross the sacred threshold, beginning my new holy years; my step to linger to the cold, theoretical, chapel-bare sermons to which, during the week, I have been, and will be, a victim! Is it so? myself, unless I do this, disappointed, disheartened, and wearied listener. Its earnest, not so life, so real, so deep, dry, windy, wordy skeleton-discourses; bare platitudes, disgusting most, a dispassionate reviewers, and fills me with a presentation of a world which is sweet to live in, and to die in. Its doctrines are unlovely, and its views painfully pleasure—proper and healthful for life's young spring-time; an ascetic rendering of that which, during the week, has been, and will be, the soul's life-food, epic of its listless and blundering beliefs; especially when I am ready to step to hear the unctious deal of theology, too short for any healthy appetite, and too long for any healthy digestion. Can you wonder at the rebound? Who can wonder that our young people pass by the church-door, or that they look upon religion as a thing of their dreamiest seniors exist it but to sleep?

I like to go to church, but I like such a church where a hundred and fifty children were assembled for the afternoon service, to be addressed as Sunday-school scholars. The cut-door air was a luxury to breathe—it was one of those lovely Spring days, by which a hand no colder and no less fair than sunshine. These children, many of them underclothed, and with extreme poverty visible in their clothing, were closely packed in those high-backed, uncomfortable seats,—their cheeks at fever heat, and their eyes bright with the excitement of the worship; but they are inevitable, as are all similar breakings-out or storeroom of an unhealthy system, whether it be a physical, a political or a social one. Let us have done with the boundless pagans of the social body needing them, even if we do not contribute towards the purchase of that much-needed soap which they so much require.

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But hope is beneficent to the society in which its indulger moves. The hopeful man makes everything around him happy. He causes smiles of joy to take the place of the frowns of despair, and renders many a desert spot an oasis!

Commend us to hope—hope in the family circle—hope in the school-house—hope in the counting-room or office—hope in the court-room—hope in the church—hope everywhere and in all!

THE WEATHER

The season of flowers is at hand. Already the buttercup and the dandelion begin to peep from their grassy couches in the meadow, and the bursting buds of the willows, the pollen of the flowers of the garden. These are but the forerunners of the roses, and the other heralds of Spring's enthronement upon the realm of Winter, and signalizers of her undisputed sway. This is the beautiful season of which a poet has sung:

> "The voice of Spring—and thrilling flowers
> Start trembling from their sleep,
> Waving from meadows and from showers
> A free exchange of sweets."

The love of flowers always indicates a hopeful spirit, as they themselves emblemize hope. To enjoy their cultivation is the special purpose we now have in view. Anybody can have flowers, if they have the will, and the love for them, to secure them. Even the poor in the city, who have no gardens, may have a window-sill on which to place the potted plant, or sow the seed from which it springs. And so, even where Art has so sadly crowded out Nature, as in London, the poorest always contrive to deck the doors of flowers to the poorest of the poor.

When we observe flowers in dwelling places, no matter how humble and poor, we love surveying the locality, or how dilapidated the house—we expect to find cleanliness and general domestic care. It would be children also. Then, we expect to see them clean, though clothed in patched garments, and mothers and wives and girls of the company. If vicious habits have a dwelling there, the presence of flowers will indicate that they are degradation, no more than utter filth, claims the sweet companionship of flowers.

Such is the domestic flowers, residents of the LANDS, one and all! Wherever, amid your hundred-thousand homes, in broad Britain, you find them, in the tents of the jessamine and the rose also be found!

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The respectable portion of the community are supposed to hold that, as they do thieves, in contempt. They are "good book" we are told that we shall have their portion in an exceedingly hot place. Doubtless this is what is generally believed, as most of our respectable, and many of our fashionable people, are members of the various Christian churches, and observers of the Sabbath; but is this truth. Nevertheless, there is more lying, and less truth-telling, amongst extreme proprietors, within circle of respectable, fashionable society, than among the lowest of society with whom the command-ty. Lying is stereotyped on the Fifth Avenue and its fashionable adjoiceries. It is daily, if not hourly, practised, and considered a "white" falsehood, and we doubt if ever the fagged of society sunned it as with half the partiality or universality as there isn't a day that Mrs. Velvet, in her grand house, doesn't tell Bridget, the dressmaid, to say, when a morning visitor, or beggar, or fast friend, rings the bell—"please to call some other time; Mrs. Velvet is not at home," instead of being out, the fitting mistress is standing at the crack of the front door. If she owes a bill to some poor mechanic, or needy tradesman, and is "short," or bent on a swindle,—or if she happens to be "out of cash," she sends Mrs. Quiz, she doesn't scruple to lie, and to teach her white household to lie, that she is out of money with them. Such is the fact, that falsehood and hypocrisy are stereotyped and respectable, fashionable society. Let Mrs. Velvet and Mrs. High-flyer beware—since we are told that "liars shall have part in the lake that burneth, &c."—lest there be a red in pickle for them "the other side of Jordan!"

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOK.

Mrs. Southworth's new work—(VIVIA; or, *The Secret of Power*)—has just been issued from the press of T. B. Peterson, and is meeting with that universal success and appreciation which it is ever won with this very popular authoress's other works, so eminently deserves. VIVIA exhibits those rare and wonderful womanly characteristics that have won for Mrs. Southworth such a wide-spread and world-wide reputation, and which always command attention while love and sorrow, and sympathy and suffering, find a place in the human breast. The secret of her power and of her success mainly lies in the fact that she is a veritable, vital, vehement woman herself, with a great, generous, loving heart, and an ardent, noble soul, superadded to which is the true gift of genius. Such deeply intuitive, tender and noble; and what she feels she can express vividly, and embellish with the rich and varied resources of an affluent imagination. Hence, she at once seizes the heart of the reader with an enduring grasp, and consequently enjoys the unbounded pleasure of an ever-varying, kaleidoscope panorama, wrought out by the magic wand of her genius, and ever-changing forebodings, which, when once seen, must be pursued until the mystery is solved.

VIVIA is issued in a handsome 12mo. volume, and is for sale by all booksellers throughout the United States and the Canadas.

THE REASON WHY.

The frequent cause of insanity among scientific and literary men (of the more studious and thoughtful class) is the constant sedulous thought to the exclusion therefor. In most cases we believe it results from nervous prostration, induced by the over-use of the mental powers, and the brain and body of literary, and other persons of continuous mental labor, seek a means for satisfactory relaxation, and look by serious stimulants to excite jaded or flagging energies. Some resort to wine, others to strong drinks, some to opium, and some to tobacco. The use of any of these aids so-called, however temporarily it may benefit for the moment, is dangerous, if not fatal, in the end. Whatever tension is thus given to the nerves and brain, must, in the reaction, reduce the vital power in ratio, so that the system is left correspondingly prostrated and unstrung, and relaxing, until, finally, it succumbs. If literary men, who use the brain more than the body, would but take the exercise in plentiful physical exercise, the steady use of cold water for bath and beverage, with the indulgence of abundant sleep,—opium, brandy, and tobacco would very soon, with much other physic, be cast to the dogs. Our brain-workers would then be always in tune, and, with sound bodies and minds, would do a vastly greater amount of work than they now perform with their artificial stimulus system. Nature—human and divine—provides the foreign spurs that accomplish better than repair, our mental weariness and infirmities.

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There is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's pains, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the manner they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy.

RENEWED

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CURRENT ITEMS.

It is rumored that the idea is entertained by some of the proprietors of the building erected in the gore of this city, to raise their prices in three cents each. This would do for one paper where managers should have the pluck to employ none but first-class men upon the editorial or reportorial staff, whose respective services would not be worth less than from $30 to $50 a week. Most of the weekly papers of our city are miserably ill-fed and are dying of what might be called poor-diet—that is, of starvation wages in editorial, and reportorial fidelity to readers, and some of our dailies are going the same road. They must all imitate the London and pay their writers liberally, or else exhibit down into a state of second-fiddle-ism and beggary.

It is rumored that twenty thousand French troops were soon to be transported to China, in English ships! also, that France and England wish to enter into an understanding with the United States, whereby the latter will join their fleets against the Spanish power in the Western Continent at each time and in such manner as it may please, while England shall have full play in Asia, and France take the lead and ascendancy in European affairs. A pleasant arrangement, surely, for the three great powers, but is it less alarming in the "rest of mankind?"

DR. STARR, a chemist in Scotland, who has experimented with writing inks to such an extent as to produce several inches of ordinary ink-lines, has come to the conclusion that the best and most permanent writing ink is that composed of the best lamp-black mixed with gum-arabic and prussiate; and the proportions found on experiment to yield the most positive results are, one part of the latter, to four parts of the former.

An English paper states that the Emperor Napoleon is traveling largely and secretly in the British Isles, and that his object is to learn the secret methods of water-supply being completed to free from in Sebastopol. The French throne is secure enough, and the Czar will not visit in Europe; but, still, we doubt this story of Napoleon's British incognito.

A WOMAN was found in the front yard of general-in-chief Grant's residence, Georgetown, D. C., on Monday, when she was instantly guided while her garments were found burning. She was taken to the hospital, where her husband, named Gilbertson, had been greatly burned in trying to extinguish the flames. The brutal fellow had not been arrested at last accounts.

A LITTLE girl, only four years of old, the son of a Mrs. Bedingly, of Brooklyn, a few days since, fell down the cellar stairs, and was found by her mother in the cellar yard, and was taken up dead. She took having their clothes on fire, and the mother's clothes were also burned. The little girl was buried on Sunday last, and the mother is now in bed suffering from danger and accidents.

It is reported that the prospect of the crops of Europe is very fine. The wheat crop of Italy promises an abundant harvest, and the crops of Germany and the rest of the farmers will ensure their fields with spring wheat, and the prospect of the wheat fields of the world is worth the eating. It is to be hoped that these reports are correct.

THE Court of China is in a sad dilemma for want of money. The treasury is empty, the commander-in-chief emperor, and those into crisis; but the "children of the sun" will not pay taxes, and the rebellion is not put down, and has been sole at the imported land. Poets man in great contribution, and the Court assistant will "feed fighting" again.

ACCORDING to one "last account" from Nicaragua—(there seems to be no end to "last accounts" in this great victory) last account "last account" brought by the same steamer—that the last account "last account" was erroneous, and in progressing to "one and two" from Nicaragua to the seat of war, the "last account" was lost.

THE duel of New York. It is said, costs the inhabitants of the metropolis about $1,000 per day, and the clothing, as they have to keep up such a constant bowing and scraping to each other, that the tailors can't get their coats worn out.

A SECOND case, in the south of France, has recently been condemned to pay a fine of ten francs for refusing to give assistance to his poor persecuted wife, who was overwhelmed. The ground of this person's refusal was a want of means of payment, and of the failure of his business.

DURING the past year 330 convictions have taken place in the courts of this city for selling liquor on Sundays and on election days. Twenty-one per cent. of the convictions were for selling to minors.

OVER a million volumes of new books have been issued from the press of the united States in the past year, and yet it is said that not one new work in a hundred is read.

A BARREL in this city having two lovers, and "Mary" having promised to marry the one who should be taller by marrying one, and the next day staying with the other.

HAVE are getting so scarce in Paris, and rat-skins so valuable, that a number of rat-skins have been sent up in five francs a pair.

AN important decision has recently been made by a Western Court, that a man may be arrested without execution and bigger.

IN arrive by the late financial statement of the Ottoman Porte, that the sum expended last year by the Sultan for the Turkish army was $12,000,000.

SEVEN cases of shooting and stabbing were reported at one police court, on a recent Monday, as the result of our daily newspapers.

THE present cattle season has been most obstinate and unexpected. For a short time now, we have not known two fast days in the western part of this State.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In London, recently, a young woman on the stage was singing a song, the burden of which was love and manor, mirroring her—but that he had bought the ticket for the pantry and would not return it. A gentleman in the audience, who had been smoking a cigar, was requested to put it out, as the atmosphere of the house for the coming event and for its contingencies. Perhaps he had intended to do so, but, being thus "called down," he became sulk. He had smoked his cigar with in a strange.

FRAGE ON WAR.—"Why have you volunteered?" was the question put to a young man by a friend. "Because," said a fine young country soldier, who had just arrived at Camp Cameron, "I thought I could get more fighting and more glory than by staying at home." "Why, I have volunteered because I thought it was my duty to fight for my country," said another; "and now why have you volunteered?" asked the first. "Why," said the third, "because I thought I could live for less than—with a significant sigh, "I have volunteered because I thought I could live for less than—"

A CORPULENT officer in this city who is noted for his love of good living. Some months ago he said, during the last quarter day he not being more attentive to the tenants than usual. "Why, sir," said he, "I am afraid." He replied to his chief, "that I am to introduce into practice the principle of the Quarterly Review." "What principle is that?" asked the chief. "Why," replied the other, "the principle of not paying the quarterly bill."

"GENTLEMEN of the Jury," said a Western lawyer, "I would you ask a few days in such a case? Would you ask a few days in such a case? Would you ask a few days in such a case?

THE SPRING.

BY ALICE CARY.

I'm sadder, always, in the Spring
When God we know the fair, and may
By the sun window, all the Night
Watch up the tender eyes of Day.

The grass that feels its early green
In every spot is darkening well,
The spring birds, and the flowers I mean,
Have somewhat meaningful, of

And when the roses first unfold,
My foolish tears I scarce repress—
It seems to me that Nature's bosom
Is blessing through her pale dress.

The voice says friendly now,
But when it reaches the earth in showers,
And clasps the flowers on, they look
Like corpses of the last year's flowers.

Ah, could I make you know what light
Has melted back into the sky,
Through the green avenue of Spring.
You, too, would be as sad as I.

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY KIRBY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY.

Along the winding shores of the neighborhood of Hurl-Gate the scenery is diversified by numerous lovely rocky islands, clothed and embraced by richly-wooded promontories, or locked in by green inlets. The landscape, composed of mingled land, woodland and water, is replete with beauty, and presents to the eye of the passing voyager a minature map and bird's-eye view of unusual loveliness.

On nearly every green land-island stands embosomed in some picturesque villa, while each shoot of the murmur of the waves as they unroll their serene and green mantle upon the white sand beach, or break in a myriad of pearl against the sunny rocks.

But taste and wealth alone do not occupy this charming nook of Long Island Sound. Here and there, at long intervals, the lowly retreats of opulence, is visible the humbler cabin of the fisherman.

One of these lowly homes of poverty and toil occupied a small rocky island but half a mile distant from the handsome sea-side villa that crowned a romantic and densely wood-d promontory on the main land. The colonne and regularity of its size and taste and opulence were visible through the foliage from the island-rock; while from the door of a marble portico the obscure hut of the fisherman, sheltered partly by a clump of oak, was full in sight. The proud Villa and lowly cabin, were the two central objects in the scene. By a pier built on a little water in the lee of the island, the villa was anchored a graceful yacht and one or two rowboats, gaily painted; and in a cove, near the fishing hut on the small island opposite, was moored a fishing-smack, old and weather-worn, and having two masts; and a very small boat, capable of holding only two persons, was fastened to a rock near by a rope. On the south shore of the little island cove were spread nets a-drying, and upon rocks lay many fish in preparation for curing. The cabin of the fisherman was situated but a few yards distant, upon a slight elevation overhanging the cove.

The evening of our story, the fisherman who inhabited this little island left his cove with a pail of ours upon his shoulder, and descended to the bench of the cove where the smack-boat was at her anchor. He was a man about thirty, tall and muscular, and with a fine resolute face, slightly sun-browned by exposure to the weather. His lips wore a pleasant expression, and his eyes seemed ready to kindle into scintille of humor. His dress was a red shirt, blue woollen cap, and duck trowsers, neatly patched, as if there was a wife to mend the needle and a thrifty hand.

The fisher took this thrifty hand appreciated was in the door-way of the hut, looking kindly and lovingly after him. It was a handsome and truehearted face, very and good it to look upon, and had not seen more than two and twenty summers! Waiters it stood never to have seen more. Its fair and pleasant to look upon, as if life to the owner had all sunshine and flowers!

"Don't be away longer than to-morrow night, Ambrose!" said the young wife of the fisherman, calling after him endearingly, as he had certainly expect you with the evening tide!"

"I shall, Mary!" he answered, stopping and looking back, smiling. "The wind is now fair for the city, and I shall start now before day. And it won't take me long to get all my affairs over. So keep heart and look for me with the evening tide!"

"God bless you and keep you, Ambrose," she answered, with touching earnestness!

He now pulled for his smack, in the little boat, and hoisted sail, shortly after, his mission over! astern by its painter. On board was an old man, with white, gray locks, and a wrinkled face, who assisted in hoisting the sails and in getting the sails. In a few moments the vessel leaned before the wind, and was dancing gallantly out of the cove, and was soon lost to the eyes of the young wife of Ambrose, by the shadow of the island.

"Heaven bring my dear husband safely back," she said, softly and prayerfully, as she received her humble home and family, "and bless him!"

her prayer, though he went but a mile out for a day's fishing right of the coast! and that he was wont to take up his cargo of fish, caught and cured the last week for the city market! he did every four weeks, she felt more anxious than ever, especially as about this time the equinoctial gales were drawing nigh! Scarcely a night passed but clouds drifting swiftly across the skies for the last twelve hours.

So Mary Falconer, committing her husband, to whom she had been married four years, to the care of Heaven, resumed her spinning at the wheel, and sang to keep her heart light. Love is dependence. True love, in the wife, is a sense of pride and faith upon. Men cannot believe the love of women to be as strong as it is. Man cannot so entirely with speaking eyes a cause. She bent down and nuzzled her little head in the Angelica-like form of that silky hair, and patted his head, and said a few pet words to it.

"You must not love your dog too much, daughter. Affection like yours is too rich and precious to be lavished upon a brute! I assure you that, if you loved me as I want you to love me, you would have no affection left for anything else!"

"My own, dear papa!" said the charming child, with looks of surprise and slightly reproving. "I can love Ash and you too! You don't know what a big heart I have, if I am a little girl! I could love all the world, the birds, the sky, the—the stars, and the flowers, and—and—"

Here she stopped, as if she could think of nothing more! Yet her eyes were raised to the blue heavens, and she seemed to look as if she felt infinite depth that there was something beyond the heavens to love! But after a moment's pause upward, as if in thought, she shook her head and said emphatically—

"That is all!"

"All what, Belle, my angel?" asked Mr. Sherstone, struck by the expression of her face and words.

"All to love! I was thinking, dear papa, that if there was a good man in heaven,—my above there very clouds, and way above the night stars, way above the sun,—that made the stars, and the sun, and the very clouds and the birds, and the birds, and everything that is pretty, I would love Him, too! For, you know, mamma used to love the good Man who makes such a pretty rose as this in my hand, and gives it such a sweet smell, that I love the rose; for no-one-ow it will fade and drop all to pieces; but the good Man who made it will be sure to make some more spring, just as He makes new stars every night, and a new, pretty rose every month, and a new flower for the birds to eat and loosen the world dark?"

Mr. Sherstone looked with child of six summers, as she was speaking, with deep interest and amazement. He knew grew paler and paler as she spoke, and he rose quite up from her rapidly to see her face in front of the sun beneath the trees. An expression of pain and perhaps of horror in his dark, handsome countenance. Suddenly he turned to his child. He was trying to look with composure in the face of the rose over which she held so far out of his reach, but he could, and said something sharply.

"Come, Isabel! We must go in! The sun falls. You must not talk about such things. There is no good man in heaven, and no good man in the world—for there is no one beyond the flowers or us, my little one! Take this and throw it away, and shun not see all of my own above me! I may be exposed to the night air! Throw away the rich fullness of your heart. For you I live, and in your love do I have my being!"

The child looked at him in his fallen out of his hand! He is entwining! Save him—save him! He shrieked, and ran towards the pier.

Mr. Sherstone saw that what his child had said had given him pain, and was sorry for it. But his companion was tacking to go back to his sail. He had gone forward to boom out the jib, as the wind was aft, and the boat was heeling, and he ran for the purpose. he lost his balance and fell into the water.

Mr. Sherstone at a glance saw the danger of the fisherman. He was a man who had no fear, and was far to leeward before she could tack would have to make at least three tacks to reach him. His body clear, he was a good swimmer. He could and once heard his voice as he gave an order to his sail, shouting to his brother to steer towards him. Isabel on the wings of gratitude towards one who had saved her father, and ran to the end of the pier and sprang into a little boat before her father could reach her.

"Stand out-board!" he cried, as he caught her in his arms and replaced her on the pier. "You can not manage the boat!"

"But you can, papa! You can row to him before he is dead! I shall paddle!" were his little child knew him, and applies to him an endearing title. Perhaps every thing and object that existed between my daughter's love and me?"

Mr. Sherstone was deeply touched, and the tears fell from her eyes like drops of rain. Mr. Sherstone stood and calmly watched the struggles of the fisherman, who was now almost exhausted, as to his rescue. Perhaps he thought he would be drowned in his folly. He was a powerful man, but he wouldn't take hold of her hand, lest he should draw her down. Oh, I remember it so clear! I fear me—I fear me!"

Here Mary Falconer sighed heavily, with eyes full and running over with tears. She soon brushed them away, saying—

"But I will trust him with God!"

She then looked again over the wide waters, and saw a small white sail. She watched it between four and four for an hour, until as it grew nearer she was sure that it was Ambrose, for often watched for him under her fluttering with every breeze—a sail of white cotton her husband's vessel differed from others; though to any other gaze but that sharpened and chilled by love, all boats of like class would look exactly alike.

She was right. It was Ambrose's smack returning. The wind was light, and she came on slowly, so that the great red, round sun went down under a horizon of gold and crimson, before the smack was near enough to the island for her to distinguish the persons on board, and then she counted three, and the stranger thus added to the number that left in her. She knew, also, as a bad, a mere child, who sat in the stern by the side of Ambrose.

As the smack rounded the island, Ambrose saw his wife, and waved his cap to her, and even raised his hand right gallantly for the young fisherman had not yet lost all the French blood, which he had inherited from his Huguenot ancestors, who a century and a half ago, found shelter and a home for their posterity, from the tyranny of persecuting kings, on the pleasant shores of New Rochelle. His black hair, his fine dark eyes, and symmetrically athletic form, were still more French than American, though American had been the birthplace and home of his fathers for a long generation.

So Ambrose gallantly kissed his hand, fisherman as he was, in his gentle wife, and she kissed her's back again to him, with a "God bless you, my husband!" She then added, "my dream has not come to pass! Oh, how light my poor heart is, that has all day been so heavy. I will let dreams trouble me never again! If I am glad to be in the boat with him!"

The shoulder of the island now hid the vessel from her eyes, and she hastened down to the cove to meet him when he should land.

But Ambrose did not immediately come into the cove, but stood on across the narrow passage that separated his island from the main, and drew near to the pier-head of Mr. Sherstone's residence.

This gentleman was taking his usual evening stroll along the shore, accompanied by Isabel. Twenty times that day, she had it on her lips to tell her sweet papa of her dream, with which the sight of the smack arrested her steps. After lingering a moment, she exclaimed, clapping her hands—

"Pa, Ambrose is come back safe, and is going to the city with his fish!"

Mr. Sherstone walked on, and as the smack approached the pier-head, he saw that the boat had some parcels for him, sent up from the city, and knew by know "at which wharf he should land them!"

"Here, sir!" answered Mr. Sherstone, coldly! "Come to the pier-head!"

The vessel sailed gracefully in and stopped at the slate.

"I was requested, sir, to bring them down by your merchandise!"

"Very well. What is the freight?" asked Mr. Sherstone, taking out his purse.

"Oh, sir, I am not charging for such a trifle," answered Ambrose, with his frank smile.

"I must pay you, sir, if I ask no favors of any man. Here is a dollar!" and he cast the silver piece on board. It was caught by the fisherman's old man who acted as foreman-man, who said with a growl of satisfaction, as he put it into his terry pocket—

"I never refuse money, though I had the image of the Emperor stamped on it!"

"Oh, no, sir, that handsome boy! What bright, black eyes, and a sweet smile he has, and such curls!"

The lad now discovered, and thus described by Mr. Sherstone, stood at the bow of the fisherman's boat. He was about eight or nine years of age, and had a handsome face, but like many men and women, yet did not hide his natural consciousness of beauty. His dress was rich, and his manner glance upon the boy, and turned away, talking Isabel by the hand. But she more than once looked over her shoulder at the boat, and her eyes met and interchanged smiles that meant nothing, but which were the recognition of companionship of childhood that asks no artificial introduction to make it perfect. Then Mr. Sherstone commenced by first looks and smiles, and by and by timid words; but never as grown-up persons do, by dashing of hands.

"I thought you was goin' to give the lad to this gentleman, Ambrose!" said the aged smack sailor, after tying with his jack-knife the edge of the dollar, to the end of the cord of his pipe, as he saw two seldom the currency of the Republic to be familiar with it at sight. The old man had seen

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

Mary did as she was told, and taking the stranger by the hand, said to him:

"If your hands are enough to win any body's kindness, what is your name, my handsome little lad?"

"Vivien, madame!" answered he with a very French accent and tone.

"Why, he is French, Ambrose!"

"I'm with, and therefore do I feel the more kindly to him, since we, you and I, speak the French in the olden days."

Here Ambrose, who had some knowledge of the language of his fore-fathers, handed down in the family with certain heir-looms and customs, addressed a few words to the child in French. The boy immediately came to him and took his hand with smiling confidence; for there had been no sign of timidity and doubt about him, which modesty would softly hint even with an exception of pity, mingled with maternal tenderness.

"Your boy?" she said gently; "he looks like a tender flower, among weeds. Poor up, my little fellow; we will be your friends! But perhaps you can't understand me? I'm dying, dear Ambrose, to know how you came by him. Remember how like the ordinary he is, for cool schools; but as if he were better born!"

"I know nothing about him, save that I picked him up out of the water, and that he has been wickedly treated by those he escaped from. Noble or peasant, it is the same to Ambrose, who will be ready always to help a fellow-being, especially a little child, in distress, sure, who is an hungry; and I hope you have supper enough for three mouths?"

"Plenty, and to spare," answered Mary, laughing, as she preceded him into the cabin, leading in the stranger boy, who looked up with a shrill—nothing shy, that deeply touched her sensitive heart.

The shadow of twilight had deepened into the first star-light of the night, when Ambrose, with a sigh of relief, rose, and found the fireplace. The lingering rut of the western sky shed a soft, dreamy light into the cabin, and Mary was always at its shade through pains windows into gorgeous halls, and over the tops of the trees, and on the heads of women men and man's-dwelling. He sat in reflection to the outer cup of the sunset, as well as to the glit golden of the noble. The breeze that fan the lover of an empress on her throne, fans the lover of the water-carrier by the rustic fountain. The stars that shine down into the queen's sparkled over those born to slightly less than the ruled eyes of the fair cotter's daughter. All that nature gives, without any of the false lies that luxuries invented and devised by mercilessness art, they had inner known, use fill the most of. Nature gives all she possesses to all children. Only Art turns the bunch of grapes into red wine."

Then the habitation of the Ambrose reminded but two apartments, a neat bed-room and a comfortable sitting and eating room. The furniture was plain, and dealt took the place of chairs. A table was neatly covered with a coarse, but white cloth, and set for four persons. The fourth seemed to set a third plate for their little guest, from whose tire face she could scarcely keep off her eyes.

"Truly, truly," she said to herself a dozen times as she busied about, "I never saw such a handsome child! Oh, if I could have been the proud mother of such a child! Come, Ambrose, sit down; come up here, and let us have the Ambrose! Oh, yes, Vivien! Come Vivien, sit down and have a good supper. I know you don't want to sit down by her blow, on the smock, for Pilgrim, who never eats or drinks out of the sweet. Don't keep much on hand but hard beef and hard bread!"

Here she took her seat, and looking at Ambrose, folded her hands reverently for all the same, and said:

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"Amen!" said Mary heartily, and so did the boy.

Vivien looked surprised, but imitated her with a reverence that showed he was not unaccustomed, to see his grateful for the gifts of food.

"Can't you speak English?" asked Mary with a smile as she handed him a cup of warm milk.

"A very little, madame," answered he in a pleasant voice. "At least I know a little."

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"I don't think much about it, but I know English and French I have got his story."

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"Well, after supper you shall. Can you find a place for him to sleep?"

"Yes. I can spread a quilt on the dry hay-stack in the back room, for to-night; and to-morrow I will make up a bed for him. I'll put it by my side."

"He has no other home, Mary," answered Ambrose, gently.

He a little while Vivien, who seemed fatigued and sleepy, was shown his rude, but soft bed, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep.

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"It is a man overboard," said Pilgrim, with more than his usually shown. 'Let us give him help, Ambrose, for they are not to him from the ship.'

"I was already laying the smack strait for the object, which I could more clearly perceive to be a man, a woman, or much swimming or struggling for his life, and the sounds and discovering and re-appearing upon the surface, still with a feeble motion. With a single flirt of his oar the head disappeared and remain under. The next moment I was overboard, and diving down, brought up the drowning person."

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"The boat from the ship was by this time lowered, and put off. There was as the seas in stack, and up a blue light which cast a paler and stronger glare over the waves. If the fugitive had been in the water, he would inevitably have been discovered; and taken. I was already on board again and at the helm, which I at once put hard down and run for the nighest dock. Evidently, I had not been seen to plunge overboard, as I had secured the lad before the blue light was burned. In a few minutes we were the wrong from the ship which was veering round here and there, while various giving directions were heard from the ship's dock.

"In a little while I ran the smack into the little dock by the Anchor tavern. My first act was to see to the child, who lay upon Pilgrim's lap, soft-ing and sobbing gently, as if in a sweet sleep. I recoiled him with kind words, and taking off his wet clothes, put on him a soft fish on board, for that is Imogene tad. Mark Skrillion, when he ran away from the vessel. The clothes which I took off from him, you shall see! They were as fine and rich as if they had been on a prince."

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OR NEIGHBORS OF THE LOG CABIN.

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"And this child!" He has been in wicked hands!" said Mary, with emotion. "And did he tell you nothing of his father and mother?"

"He is too young to know much about places; and they did not tell him. He said that he was a little night, after they had kept him shut up in a state-room for the two days they had been in port, he says he had a dream, and he woke and saw his father talking about him. The captain said he would not be long before he would be with him, and he was to do with the business; and he was then sent to the ship, and he was told he was to have his son down in New York, that he might perish, or never be heard of again.

"You had better kill the boy, and done with it," said the French captain.

"I think so, too," answered the man, 'for if he ever turns up again, all that has been done for the three years past, will have been of no use. It will be safer to get rid on out to him.'

"Upon over-hearing this conversation from his cabin, where he had been kept prisoner, the child mentioned Ambrose," "we overcome with fear," and he thought that he had better escape, and that he calls 'the bad man,' opened his door, believing he came to kill him, he made a desperate spring at him, and hitting a stick, flew over the side. That was as taken by surprise, that Vivien passed him, and he thought he had killed him. Ambrose! Oh, oh, yes, Vivien! Come Vivien, sit down and have a good supper. I know you don't want to sit down by her blow, on the smock, for Pilgrim, who never eats or drinks out of the sweet. Don't keep much on hand but hard beef and hard bread!"

Here she took her seat, and looking at Ambrose, folded her hands reverently for all the same, and said:

"Grant of all good things, bless these thy gifts, and give us grateful hearts for all thy mercies."

"Amen!" said Mary heartily, and so did the boy.

Vivien looked surprised, but imitated her with a reverence that showed he was not unaccustomed, to see this grateful for the gifts of food.

"Can't you speak English?" asked Mary with a smile as she handed him a cup of warm milk.

"A very little, madame," answered he in a pleasant voice. "At least I know a little."

"I with I could! Dear Franzey,' talk with him, Ambrose," she said, smilingly.

"I don't think much about it, but I know English and French I have got his story."

"I am dying to hear it!"

"Well, after supper you shall. Can you find a place for him to sleep?"

"Yes. I can spread a quilt on the dry hay-stack in the back room, for to-night; and to-morrow I will make up a bed for him. I'll put it by my side."

"He has no other home, Mary," answered Ambrose, gently.

He a little while Vivien, who seemed fatigued and sleepy, was shown his rude, but soft bed, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep.

"Now, Ambrose!" said he, as he sat at the by his side in the door, while he lighted his pipe. "Now, shall pretty boy?"

"You shall know all I know, with," he answered. "There is a great wickedness in the world that we never hear of in this our little island. You must know that after I had got nearly opposite the city last night, about midnight, and was all along with a light wind, past the vessels at anchor in the Red River, I suddenly heard the sharp cries of a foreign looking ship, that I was not a hundred yards distant from. This was followed by a plunge into the water, a plaint shot from the deck, and quick volley of command in French, to lower a boat. I thought it was a case for my hands, and thinking some foul deed was going on, I steered my craft in the object which I saw in the water, and which the seaward current was rapidly drifting away from the vessel.

"It is a man overboard," said Pilgrim, with more than he usually shown. 'Let us give him help, Ambrose, for they are not to him from the ship.'

"I was already laying the smack strait for the object, which I could more clearly perceive to be a man, a woman, or much swimming or struggling for his life, and the sounds and discovering and re-appearing upon the surface, still with a feeble motion. With a single flirt of his oar the head disappeared and remain under. The next moment I was overboard, and diving down, brought up the drowning person."

"What is it?"

"Don't anticipate, wife. Yes, it was Vivien, the same noble-looking child who now sleeps so calmly in the room on the floor. He rose to the surface with him, and catching by the garments of the head, and his dripping form up, we had Dipper took him in on board. I had only time to say quickly, before I got aboard myself, 'Hide him—conceal him in the cabin!'

"The boat from the ship was by this time lowered, and put off. There was as the seas in stack, and up a blue light which cast a paler and stronger glare over the waves. If the fugitive had been in the water, he would inevitably have been discovered; and taken. I was already on board

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HARD TO BELIEVE.

A Scotch paper is responsible for the promulgation of the following curious fact in natural history which it be a fact. "Some years ago," says the narrator, "says an editor, 'fishermen,' of Rosebrook, have discovered that the 'cheeks', a local name of the fish species, of which mackerels are often caught in the winter, lays its eggs on a sand-bank, which is left dry at low water, about six miles from Rosebrook and Fleet, which is under water. They are hatched by the parent bird when so under the salt water, as they have been observed by Messrs. Thompson and Edmonston to go down and remain a time upon the eggs, and to repeat this till incubation is complete, when the young are brought up to the surface under the wings of the old ones. Up to the time of the discovery of this fact, it was supposed that they came from a distance at stated periods. As the salmly day enabled the fishermen to take a boat and ascertain the fact.

TO ——

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

The moist flower in the heavy air,
A blossom of the wild,
Looked up to the sky with trembling fear,
And a sun looked down, and smiled.

Was he not beautiful, and bright,
With blossoms hanging to him?
Strange, that he sought another light!
Thus humble flower should win him!

He raised his head with brightest beams,
To dazzle careless eyes;
The sun flew eagerly and joyous glances,
And dimmed them with her sighs.

He never loved the Star for her,
Because with brightness burned;
He cursed her worship, silence,
Her love, ensure worth the wooing!

THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "SARAH CLEVELAND," OR, THE SHIPS OF THE ROCKS OF SHOALS," ETC. ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

CHAPTER I.

BRIDAL HALLS.

Some writers revel in the description of a wedding. I never care to spend at length of one. I am not of any brilliant, exciting turn, when I approach the subject. I am ignorant of the number of flounces most requisite for the bridal dress, and of the texture and quality of the bridal veil. As regards the super mysteries of the slipper, and all the little et cetera of the toilet, I am completely at fault, and gloves and bridal favors are only stumbling blocks to me.

I must be perfumed, therefore, if I do not describe all which the three weddings, which shortly followed those hasty and somewhat characteristic wooings, the wedding feasts certainly were, and all at one time—a proceeding which made the castles gape with wonder, and remember the day. In after years, as "the day when the whole family up yonder got married." The worthy clergyman looked somewhat astounded at the unusual bridegrooming, and the clerk was heard to say, he fancied an apothecary's shop was open. But little cared the happy pairs what remarks were made, as they whirled off in different directions from the church-door, to pass their honeymoons at a distance from home.

The marriages had been performed with little show of ceremony, for Seville feared lest the old familiar spectre of Bridegroom Death strike too harshly on some cart, if heralded with any pompous announcement. So the marriages were only announced, in an unobtrusive way, in a county paper, which, once read, was soon forgotten, and which would hand its way to the waste paper-mills. He case succeeded—no one glanced a second time at the name, and the romance of Julius Erskingcourt little knew that he was, in reality, close beside them, either disappointed nor wretched, but honored, distinguished, and enjoying such happiness as seldom falls to the lot of man.

The wedding-guests were the whole wedding party met once more, in the pleasant drawing-room of Fleurys, when a month had passed away, would almost have caused a confirmed misanthrope to believe in the lasting goodness of poor human nature. One mouth of the most intimate communion had passed—and no one seemed grave or sorrowful—all were gay and cheerful as ever.

They gathered around the open window together, as the long, twilight came on. It was a delightfully sereny and stealing over every one—a supine pleasant to the soul.

The colonel was the first to break the silence.

"Well—here we are—all connected by the closest ties, and once more at home. How many summer evenings may find us here? We will grow to be old at happy together, my boys," he added, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder.

Saville's lip still stilled himself to smile, but there was a sadness lost in his dark gray eyes.

"We shall be often with you, I have no doubt, George; and perfect peace and rest are not for us. You know I am, in reality, an exiled man."

"Please—no more talk; by and by the world will grant you absolution any day."

"Perhaps," said Saville, gravely. "But you forget that among those I used to call my friends, George, are some who look upon me as a murderer—and I can never meet on the side of Mason-Ne—England is no place for me. But my Eveleen is not aware my prospects elsewhere are your love?"

His wife looked up at him with a smile.

"I am like Ruth, my dear husband, and can only say, 'Where thou goest, I will go.' I am ready to follow you to the world's end, if need be, for it is very sweet to be with one we love—I never knew sweet, till now!"

It was beautiful to see how instinctively the married pride drew near each other as she spoke. Saville looked at her tenderly.

"I fear I am not worthy of such a guerdon angel," he said, abruptly, and moving away, he walked to a window at the farther end of the room, and let the dusky damask curtains fall behind him.

"It is his way," said Eveleen, gazing after him, with a shade of sadness in her beautiful face. "We will not notice it, and in a little while he will return."

They talked quietly about their future prospects, which were, as yet, somewhat unsettled. But Julius, after hearing the whole matter, spoke out soon after her father.

She found him looking out at the lodge gate that showed faintly through the trees.

"Is it you, my child?" he said, as she came and laid her hand on his.

"Yes, father. What are you thinking of, that you look so serious?"

He eyed her with a troubled glance.

"Just that I was thinking of you, Justina."

"Of me?"

"Of our meeting by the lodge gate, not quite two months ago, my child."

She colored deeply.

"Nay, never look down and blush, my child, because we were mistaken in our own hearts. Let us rather thank God that, in his mercy, he saved us from error."

He drew her nearer to him, and leaned his head against the closed glass of the window. It was sometime before Justina spoke again.

"Father?"

"Well, my child?"

"I have something here I wish to show to you, if you will not be angry."

"What is it?"

She drew a miniature from her bosom, and touching the spring of the case, laid it open in his hand. He started as if an accusing spirit had risen up before him, when his eyes fell upon the face. For it was Rose—the neglected and deserted wife, who had died alone, and among strangers, for his sake. And yet not that Rose—not that faded, broken flower which was lying under the turf of the bleak New England hills. Before him was the face of the child girl, who had sprung up in his path like a vision of light—only to be trampled upon and thrown aside. The large, dark eyes were fixed upon him with an eager, happy look—the rich coloring of lip and cheek, defied the hand of time—and the smile of hope and pleasure that lingered there—it cut him to the heart as he remembered how it must have faded forever—and bowing his head, he wept with his child, above that picture, in an agony of remorse.

She hung it around my neck when she was dying," whispered Justina, as he grew calmer. "I let it like her, father."

"Too like—too like. Oh, Justina, if she had but lived to forgive——"

He paused, remembering Eveleen.

"All is for the best," said Justina, softly. "But, father, is there not one spot on earth where you and I should stand together?"

"Yes, child."

"My mother's grave."

"Yes, my child. One day we will linger there. You have no memory of her?"

"How could I? She died when I was born."

"True—I had forgotten. But has no one ever spoken to you of her?"

"Mrs. Mowry, with whom I used to live, has often told me how beautiful and good she was. I must go back and see Mrs. Moore, father. I remember well how kind she was to me when I was a child."

"But were you happy there, Justina?"

"Very," she answered, soon in happy cheer, till now."

"Nay, in that bleak, cold country?"

"It is neither bleak nor cold, father. I shall eager to defend the home of her childhood, and to rouse him from the painful reverie into which he seemed plunged, as he contemplated the face of his dead child. "That is where we must go, and I to it. It is a beautiful place, father—so grand, so wild, and yet so full of beauty."

She paused and hesitated. He looked up.

"Well, what else, child?"

"That we could go to America at once. Alfred and I both prefer to travel for a time, before we settle down together; and it would be such a delightful trip, if you and dear mamma would go with us. Eveleen is willing, I know."

"I fancy I should like it; and as you say, Justina, one may as well do a thing quickly."

"Did I say that, father?"

He smiled good-naturedly.

"I may say you thought it, Justina. Come, we will go and propose this change of scene to our friends—to-morrow they receive it."

He looked wistfully at the picture he still held, kissed it, and gave it back with a sigh.

"You had best keep it, my child. Heaven forbid that I should pain the living by my sorrow for the dead."

Justina kissed the hand he held out to her.

"Let me offer you a kiss for your mother," she said, touched by the delicacy of the action.

"I should have done it years ago," he said, in a low voice, and drawing her hand through his arm, he went up to the group who had deserted the window, and gathered round the fire, now burning busily.

"Well, good people, have you concluded on any immediate plan of action?" he asked.

"Not one," said Eveleen, gayly. "We have no fancy."

"You listen to mine. My daughter has a strong desire to visit the friends who were so kind to her in her childhood. I, too, should thank them. Why not go to America?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Alfred took Justina's hand, and said, gayly:

"It is enough for me that my wife wishes to go. Come as soon as you please, papa."

"And me, also," said Eveleen, with proud humility. "It is fitting that I should ask pardon of those whose hearts I wronged so many years ago."

"And you, George?" said Saville.

The colonel answered heartily.

"Faith, I can't say I see much fun in the thing; but I believe I shall be as much pleased to see old warren till you come back. What with the bounds and going to town, I think we can manage to kill time."

"I must stay with George of course," added his wife, "it is the whole duty of a wife to remain at his side, and I cannot say I have any great inclination for the journey. Still, if you go, Justina, I should like to see all the wonderful things you can, and I will stay here to welcome you back, and hear all your adventures, and become a regular Sheherazade."

So it is settled, and Saville. And drawing nearer to the fire, they discussed the probable events of the coming journey, till the whole party became enthusiastic at the thought of the land they had never seen, and the dangers they had never encountered.

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All were silent. To three among this little party the return was fraught with many sad and solemn things. Saville looked pale and abstracted, and when Alfred glanced at the latter, he could see that his wife pale Rose had lived, he trembled, and looked uneasily at his daughter.

But she had not the way, with low born into the old familiar parlor, where Eveleen De Courcey had first met the child of her rival. But once had worked many changes, and he failed to recognize the elder daughter lady, or the young girl, who had, as it were, grown up under his very eyes.

"Landlord," said Justina, as he was leaving the room, "Dost Mr. Mowry, the farmer, still live in the old place?"

"Why, yes, I remember. No, my lady, he died some ten years ago."

"Dead! and his wife—what of her?" asked Justina, with trembling interest.

"She is alive still, and lives in the old homestead."

"You may go."

She went and laid her hand upon her father's arm, and looked up into his face. He smiled mildly—he understood the mute appeal.

"Yes, my child, we will go. And, Eveleen, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "you and Alfred must be company for one another while we are away. We will be with you by evening."

They went out together—and entered the carriage which was still standing at the door. Well did Justina know the locality they were about to visit. It was but a few rods from the door house where her early years had been spent—and from the window of her little chamber she had looked out upon the beautiful landscape that lay stretching on her mother's grave. She told her father so.

The carriage halted at the gate of the rustic cemetery, and they alighted.

"Remain here," said Saville to the servant. "We shall not return for some time."

The servant bowed, and composed himself for a comfortable nap upon the box, and father and daughter entered the graveyard.

The grave of Rose Bringcourt was in no way different from those which surrounded it. The same plain, gray slab, with its brief, chaste letters, marked her resting-place, and weeds and sweet wild grew in profusion around it.

The bereaved husband sank upon his knees beside it, and laid his cheek upon the cold ground.

"Rose! Rose!" he cried, "it is I—can you hear? Oh, forgive me—forgive me!"

Dear father, you are the sweet voice of Justina—she forgave you when she died."

"Oh, if she could only speak to me—if she would only look on me once more!" groaned the unhappy man.

"She is dead! Or did a voice, indeed, pronounce his name? He listened eagerly—and again the tender, soft tones fell upon his ear.

"Justina," he cried, eagerly, "do you hear anything?"

"Nothing, father," she said, looking curiously at him.

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While the heavy tears were falling on his cheeks—

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Justina sobbed and turned away, feeling his grief was more than a thing to withstand. So she did so, her eyes fell upon a fresh grave close beside her mother's, and she uttered a suppressed scream.

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She paused and hesitated. He looked up.

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They went out together—and entered the carriage which was still standing at the door. Well

"THE BARE THAT NEVER CAUGHT RETURN."

BY ALLEN M. DUTAN.

Three fossil feet a silent bark
Upon a solitary shore,
Surveying the wee birds and dark,
Its night scene lent a starving spark—
Alas! she! it was the bark
That never any shadows saw.

That bark—the classic one of yore,
That fed by nature's kindly hand
The mocking, winged thing that bore
Young Romus from their cruel shadow,
Looked not on that in lonely pore
To Arkadian's rest!

There was a moment's soothings there
That I shall hold in mind,
Some little time we sat and hear her,
Then we were off and hear her,
Were wandering in the starlight there,
Where I was not alone.

The moment came our eyes met with frowns,
My heart, long hushed in agony,
Was stirred to sudden agitations,
When once again I looked on her,
Ah, me! oh me! that on these flowers
Is Arkadian's rest!

A glance then the upper mouth
And passed for the dark,
Where I was not alone,
And all the night was hushed in sleep,
And the sun my heart soon made,
Which looked—no more for me.

I watched that bark with weary eyes
Where on, alone, and on—
Its night in search of shadows,
Its day in search of rest,
Its moments under the sun,
Its hours in the moon,
Its life in the sea.

Its fossil feet—
Its Tiger—oh!
Its Tiger—oh!
Its Tiger—oh!
Came between
The Saddle
And the
Sun,
And
Its
Tiger
Was
Not
Fulfilled.
Of, howsoever-
—ss Kilkelly,
Or was a cross
between the
bulldog and
the regular Newfoundland. So you can imagine something of his size and appearance. He was really a magnificent dog; and I don't think he got a bit when I say that he could a hundred dollars bring him back to me now, as he was then, I would pay it in an instant.

"Poor old Tiger!" uttered the dame, fervently.

"Aye," responded the old man, in the same strain, "poor old Tiger! But he's gone."

"I watched the alligator a few moments, and then I shouted at his eye and head. He slid back into the water, and I tell ye, for a while there was considerable of a kick-up in that neighborhood. In less than a minute there were as many alligators lying about there, and I supposed they were all in a terrible shock, for nothing disturbed one of the fellow bars on my hand.

"Up and by the monsters me me, and came to words me; and three of them started directly up the bank at my feet. One thing was certain: They weren't afraid of me. I knew that much of my weakness, but he did of his fibbs, and the consequence was, that his pluck was not very heavily mortgaged, but nearly the whole of his growing courage was sold at auction. Some of the heavier creatures wanted me to bay. While we were considering upon the subject, the owner died. He fell from the horse while drunk, and broke his neck. As this incumbrance was removed, I felt sort of sick pensation, and made an offer, which was finally taken up. I got a cheap place. The negroes were worth more than I paid for the whole. But I wouldn't pay only so much; and I wouldn't take one negro without I could have the whole; for I couldn't bear to see the family separated.

"Well—I bought and settled down here. But you ought to have seen and heard Mammy when I first brought her up here. I thought they all that was good, that she wouldn't stay in such a place."

"I only just wish you could 'a seen the place when we first come to set it," interrupted the good dame. "My sakes alive! Such another lookin' house you never see!"

"Why—Mammy?"

"You know that!" persisted the matron.

"Ah—Mammy! You mustn't say so. You know 'twas a palace—a perfect paradise."

"About you, know that I don't, an' won't no such thing. You are only plagging me."

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Then ensued a Mammy settled down behind her spectacles, wiped her nose, and with a sort of nervous shake of the head, resumed her knitting. She could and give up her knitting-needles. So much of Old New England she had kept to perpetuate by,—and much more, too. Aye—the inside of her "kitchen," as she invariably called her diningroom, —was Yankee throughout. She would not exchange to banish the balances of little wood-hands that generally hung about her stand, for cake and confectionary. Uncle Abner laughed at his wife's simple contentment, and then resumed:

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"I entered the swamp half-a-mile below where the cabins stood in, and found it very fine, travelling until I got in beyond the point of the great lake. Here the way became rough enough, there being great tracts of soft mud, overgrown with grass, besides many logs and pools. I found the timber to consist mostly of white, honey-locust, cotton-wood, pepper, and hackberry, with any quantity of wild vines and creepers.

"I knew there was an immense bayou not far in, and this I wanted to find, so I looked sharp and pushed on. At the end of an hour, I found the object of my search. I reached the shore of the bayou by a belt of natural causeway formed by the trunks of trees which must have been gathering round there for ages. I stood and gazed off upon the dark, dismal looking water, and made up my mind that I'd have a boat as soon as possible, and thus explore this vast solitude of forest sea.

"Birds were plenty there. They flew about in all directions, and so near me did they come, that I caught several with my hand, and after examining their plumage, I let them go again. But pretty soon I saw something else besides birds. A relation of the water soon before I stood arrested my attention, and upon turning my eyes that way, I saw a huge alligator come up and place his feet flat upon the log. He saw me, and stopped; but he did not retreat at once. He turned his upon my head and neck, and snouted at me. I shouted to the alligator to do back,as though by would see me.

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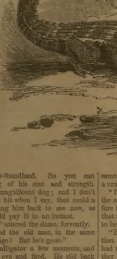

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quick yell. My heart sank within me, for I knew another alligator was coming! And so it proved. There slowly extended, yelping as he did so; and pretty soon the great ugly head appeared above the edge of the bank. The one was larger than the other. He was all of eighteen feet long! He stopped a few moments after he gained the bank, and turned his long, horrid snout towards me. Then he looked at the dog, which stood at a safe distance barking furiously, and then turned his gaze once more upon me, and began to advance.

"I shouted again, and he was never more. I brought it down upon the top of his head, breaking the stock short off! He drew back, and at the same time opened his mouth, and then shot it with all my might.

"I noticed one thing, and that was, that the alligator did not put out into the pool. His form fort were some two yards from me; so I saw that at that distance, the sward was tough enough to bear my weight.

"But I hadn't much time for study or reflection. The monster was approaching me again. I had raised the barrel of my rifle to give him another ball, and was about to pull the trigger. The dirt other circumstances the dog would not have ventured thus; but to save me, he forgot himself. In less than a minute there were as many alligators lying about there, and I supposed they were all in a terrible shock, for nothing disturbed one of the fellow bars on my hand.

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FOREST SKETCHES.—NO. 19.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DURLAP.

ADVENTURE WITH ALLIGATOR.

After dinner, I carefully removed the skin from the body of my flamingo, and having set it for drying, by drawing it to shape with a frame, I went out to see the negroes her cotton. In the evening, after the inspection had been completed, we put Uncle Abner in mind of the story he promised to tell us.

"O—yes" said he, removing the pipe from his mouth. "You mean my adventure in the swamp."

I told him that was it; and that we had laid away his pipe, and placed a moderate sized piece of tobacco in his cheek, for encouragement as to how I—

"I've lived on this place a-going on to ten years. I came up here from New Orleans, and found this plantation going to rack and ruin, as fast as possible. The man that owned it had spent most of his whisky-bottle, than he did of his bible, and the consequence was, that his place was not very heavily mortgaged, but nearly the whole of his growing crop was sold at auction. Some of the heavier creatures wanted me to bay. While we were considering upon the subject, the owner died. He fell from the horse while drunk, and broke his neck. As this incumbrance was removed, I felt sort of sick pensation, and made an offer, which was finally taken up. I got a cheap place. The negroes were worth more than I paid for the whole. But I wouldn't pay only so much; and I wouldn't take one negro without I could have the whole; for I couldn't bear to see the family separated.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. E. B. W. wishes to know the cause of, and a cure for, the following: Her husband's hands are covered with the presence of the black paint in the fine dry many specks, (the microscopic) is occasioned by the bright color of the skin, or, in other words, by the tendency of the skin to throw off other matter besides that which is natural. Her guess is therefore neither more nor less than an attraction to the pores of the skin; the perspiration being checked on occasions, the results of the pores become clogged, evaporation is prevented, and the skin is left in a feverish irritation. They appear in persons of all ages, sometimes in infancy, and sometimes in old age, and are not to be got rid of by the use of soap or water, but must be left to work, by preserving it in a healthy condition, and keeping the skin free from all impurities. The best remedy for health than a copious use of the pure element, friction of the skin with coarse towels, and exercise in the open air and woods. These, with temperate living, regular sleep, early rising, and a moderate, but not severe amount of labor, will not only be the best medical prescription that ever was written, but will be a preventive of every description, and will keep from an unhealthy state of the skin. The following are the names of the most common varieties of the disease, and the cause and symptoms of each: Lichen, or moss, consists of powdered tissue minutely, and a sufficient quantity of honey to weaken into a smooth paste.

C. W. L.—Your young friend would probably overcome his difficulty in writing by practice. Writing is a matter of practice followed in institutions where the object is sought to be secured, which is common to the science. The exercises are dictated by the letters a, ab, aw, a, and on and the diphthongs ai, au, ei, ou, oo, &c.), are accompanied with great skill and precision, and the utterance prolonged from a quarter to half a minute. The practice has been done twenty or thirty times, such words as eat, eight, aster, easter, oath, ease, in, ease, ooze, and other words of the same class, are pronounced with the utmost possible distinctness. Words of two syllables, and of more syllables, are practised with a view to the equal and distinct utterance of each syllable. Sets of easy exercises are provided for the practice of the pupils, and the exercises are repeated daily, by easy and regular gradations, the most difficult words and sentences are reached, practised upon, and mastered. Such a course of practice will require the exercise of great patience and perseverance on the part of the pupil, and of sufficient importance as warrants the expenditure of much time and labor.

HARVEY, Jr., of Brooklyn, says he asked us a question some time or other, some years ago, which we have not answered, whereon he has waxed exceedingly indignant and wrathful, and of course he has been from home or sickness, and shall probably leave a "priest"—said "priest," doubtless, being the writer of the letter. Well, we don't know what it was, we don't remember that we ever received a question from Harvey, Jr., and we don't know what it was; and if we did know, we don't see how we could answer it, unless we were a priest or clerk in Manchester. As for Brooklyn, Jr.'s wrath, however, we can only say that we are not to blame for the size of the Dick River; and even should the cause be "paternal," we can only say that we are sorry for the non-existence of Lancaster, after that use—patronizing" catastrophe, we should not have been in existence to answer Harvey, Jr.'s question.

WALTER DURLAP, Jr., himself and all his descendants friends, and all his friends' descendants, are welcome to remain in Massachusetts, from now into the future, for we believe the assurance on the making out of the census. Please not blame back again. You can replace your fences and stone walls, if the law so requires you to do so, but we do not advise the shield-keeper. If you can't get a shield-keeper, you should not—you should not—you should not—